HAWAIIAN GAZETTE

Leprosy in California.

THE PLAGUE OF THE MONGOLS—WHAT LEPROSY IS—ITS SPREAD IN CALIFORNIA.

Of such beings there are said to be at least two hundred in San Francisco, to-day. I saw a dozen or more of them yesday, during an hour's walk of exploration in the Chinese quarter. The physician who has been most active in endeavoring to call public attention to the presence in the community of this awful curse is Dr. Charles O'Donnell, a regular practitioner, who has seen the disease before in the Sandwich Islands, and there learned to view it with dread and horror.

Under Dr. O'Donnell's guidance, I visited the Chinese quarters. We traveled through but a small portion of it—the block above Dupont street, on Jackson, in which the Chinese theatre is located; but we saw enough to, at least temporarily, satisfy my curiosity. We were after lepers. "I will show you any stage or form of the disease you desire to see," was the doctor's reply; "there are two hundred of them within gunshot of here." A little above Dupont street, he plunged into an alley, or, rather, a crevice between two buildings. The Chinese love to economise space. They delight in being crowded. Through the thick smoke which filled a den about seven feet long, five feet wide and six feet in height, I could dimly discern the figure addressed as John. He was cooking rice. In a few moments, he came shambling to the door. He would have been a nice chairman for a committee on personal attractions. Tumors, like hillocks, supplied the place of dimples, and there were ravines in spots were protuberances might have been expected. His skin looked thick, dark, red, scaly. "Show us your arms, John," said the doctor, pantomiming. He might as well have talked to a wooden man; but the vigorous pantomime was effective. John's arms were worse than his face. "Now your legs, John"—with more pantomime. John's face was positively pretty, by contrast with his legs. If his calves were ever half as big as his ankles now are, John must once have been a powerful fellow. He is more than the average size of his race, so there is more field for the operations of leprosy, which seems thoroughly Chinese in its power of utilizing all available space. He has such big tumors that he seems rather proud of them, and makes signs that he has others, still more magnificent, on hidden portions of his surface. We lose interest in the contemplation of his charms, and retire; but, before doing so, lay some money on his door steps. A little further up the street, we enter another building, and pass through to a court-yard in the rear. Here, at night, the odoriferous Mongolians pack themselves together like sardines. In daytime, if not at work, they lie here and smoke opium. So three of them are engaged in one den, at which the doctor stops to inquire for the object of our search. Opium smoking may produce delicious sensations, but it certainly makes a villainous smell. "Yes, there is another case just beginning," exclaims the doctor, in a tone of triumph, fumbling away at a Chinese woman's hair, and exhibiting a great, swollen, scale-forming spotch covering her right temple. But she and her companion seemed rather uneasy, possibly mistaking us for policemen in plain clothes—a race of beings much dreaded by them—and very readily direct us to another leper, some doors farther along the alley.

This leper is an old and very miserable one. He appears to be sixty years old. He has passed from the bloated, puffy stage to one of horrible emaciation. His lean, old face has a painfully monkeyish look. His arms and legs have no more flesh on them than the shanks of a healthy canary. With difficulty he totters out of the dingy kennel to be inspected. With piteous, imploring gestures and tones he begs for medicine from the doctor, whom he recognizes. Alas! no medicine can avail him. Ere long he will cease to want it.

Leaving this swarming, filthy house, we cross the street to a Chinese grocery, where the doctor expects to find another specimen. The grocery is a queer place. Its stock-in-trade is of a character which would puzzle anybody but a Chinaman. Strange vegetables, grown only in a Chinese garden, are piled up here and there. Baskets stand about filled with dried fishes, very small ones, like our minnows. There are piles of dried cuttle-fish, hideous things, with flat, white bodies as big as a man's hand, and a lot of dry, twisted, tangled tails straggling out from one end. There are strange nuts and queer preserves. Every article in the store seems to have some peculiar abominable smell of its own. The grand total is a compound, complicated, overpowering, permeating, and stupendous stink—the champion stink of the world. But we do not come here to see groceries or smell them. The white man's stomach soon begins to protest against this atmosphere, and we move on. The doctor offered to show me "fifty more cases right around here," if I wished to see them, but it seemed to me as if I didn't really yearn for any more leprosy. A few lepers are interesting, but in time they grow monotonous.

The experience of all peoples among whom it has existed in Egypt, China, the Sandwich Islands and elsewhere, has resulted in the unqualified affirmation that it is contagious. A few physicians, and still more unprofessional persons in this country, protest that it is not, except under peculiar circumstances. The argument is a common one. "We have had the leprosy here in California ever since we have had the Chinese; why, if it is contagious, has it not spread among the white people?. There is a primary error here in the assumption that it has not. The fact is that it has. A man named Elkridge died here a few months since from this disease. Another died of it not long since in the Alameda County Hospital. Judge A. B. B——, a man who held the highest place in the esteem of the people of San Francisco, died but a few weeks since, and it has been affirmed to that this horrid pest was the cause of his demise. I know of one case now in progress here, a white man, who is suffering with leprosy; and I only refrain from giving his name by request of the physician who has him in charge. Could the truth be known about the spread of leprosy among the white population, it would be appalling. But it cannot be as yet. Those afflicted with the disease suppress the fact until the last moment possible. Then, it must be remembered that the processes of this plague are as terribly slow as they are sure. Years may elapse, after it is contracted, before it makes its appearance in any way whatever. During this time it is slowly permeating the whole system, tainting every atom of blood, ripening and gaining strength. There will surely come a time—if some merciful fatality do not cut short the life of the infected being, while he is in happy unconsciousness of his overhanging fate—when some spark will set all the venom in action. An overheating of the blood, some excess, a change in life and habits, may develop it. But, even after this occurs, when the disease has shown itself, it may consume ten or fifteen years in reaching its inevitable end. In all this time there is no point at which cure is practicable. The utmost science can do is to alleviate the sufferings of the doomed wretch. The most kindly thing to do to a leper would be to knock him on the head hard enough to put him out of his misery. The next best is to varnish him, so as to keep the air from his tumors, and so allay his itching.

The Chinese do not quite so strictly shun the lepers, yet even they avoid avoid touching them. It is their belief that the leprosy is only communicated by actual contact with the minute scales that falls from the leper's livid tumors; hence the leper finds a home in a separate pen among them, has a tub all to his own use in their wash houses, a table by himself in their cigar factories, a bench where he may work alone slipper-making. By what regulations of their own all this is effected, a white man cannot find out. They have their own laws, judges, and penalties as much here as in China, and stolidly refuse any information concerning them, or rather evade inquiry by a "no sabe," or "me no understand." That they have a system of isolation for the leper is, however, very apparent. How far the disease actually prevails among them is another thing which passes the wisdom of the Caucasian to find out. The Mongol is nothing if not "devilish sly." He knows better than to expose a fact which might seriously militate against his retaining a foothold upon our soil, even if it were not sufficient for him that he displises our Laws of Registration, reviles our Board of Health, and condemns all our social usages. So, if one of them dies of leprosy, the survivors prefer to pay a couple of dollars to some medical practitioner for a certificate that the dead man "passed in his checks" from some other cause, and so quietly enable them to bury him until such time as his bones can conveniently be picked out and sent home to China, where all Chinamen's bones are sent.—*Corr. N. Y. Graphic.*

The Isle of Man.

Thirty years have brought great changes into the Isle of Man; among them an annual invasion of something like 100,000 holiday-makers, which has played sad havoc with the old Arcadian simplicity of the place, though, thank Heaven! not even the civilization of English tourists can quite vulgarise its noble mountains, its clear green sea, and the sky beauty of its sheltered glens. Up to a recent date the little island slumbered on peacefully and happily in its old traditions; with its own laws, its own judges, its own self-elective Parliament, the House of Keys, its simple, homely, kindly clergy, and its quaint, time-honored old fashions.

"A sleepy land where, under the same wheel,
The same old rut would deepen year by year."

But the fairy prince who was to break this enchanted sleep came in the disagreeable and duplicate form of a Ritualistic Bishop and a Radical Governor. Between them they effectually stirred the place up. No more self-elective Parliaments, no more homely parsons, but popular elections and a straitlaced priesthood. Well, Manxmen are moving with the time; but we may be pardoned, perhaps, for letting just one sigh of regret escape us for the simple old style that is gone; and we may be allowed to doubt whether the change from a humdrum routine to an activity which takes the form of perpetual bickering, quarreling, and bitterness, is a very pleasant or a very desirable one. The native Manx, however, are still a simple, kindly race, superstitious and imaginative, like all pure Celts, and with depths of passion and emotion underlying a calm exterior. A comely race, too—the women robust and shapely, the men tall and stalwart; with a language of its own, now rapidly growing obsolete, in place of which has arisen a distinct dialect of English, a brogue as rich and racy and expressive as Lowland Scotch or Tipperary Irish. A race with a distinct nomenclature, too. The Quirks, the Quilliams, the Qualtroughs, the Quayles, the Quines, the Kermodes, the Kerruishes, the Karrans, the Corkhills, the Creers, the Clagues, the Corrins, and the Callows, are names unique; none but a Manxman ever bore them.—*Once a Week.*

Spitzbergen Drama.

An Arctic Tragedy.

Writing from Stockholm, on the seventeenth of July, the correspondent of the London Standard says: "The sad news of the death of the seventeen Norwegian whalers, frozen in at the Spitzberg Islands, has now been confirmed, beyond a doubt. Capt. Mack, who penetrated into Isfjord, in the end of June, has now sent home the journal found in one of the houses there, the eloquent laconism of which initiates us into the world of suffering and despair the unfortunate men had to go through before death put an end to their miseries. What is most horrible of all is the impression which the perusal of this mournful message forces upon us, that a little energy and knowledge how to take care of themselves would have been sufficient to keep alive all these poor victims of an Arctic Winter's inclemency. As the entries in the journal make us believe, no serious and continuous activity was kept up, though the men must not have been ignorant that hard work is the best preservative against that dreaded foe of Northern life, scorbut. It is owing to Prof. Nordenskield's exertions to keep his men constantly at work, even when there was no necessity for it, that we have only to record one death from scorbut among the sixty-seven members of his expedition. But at Isfjord, unhappily, there was no experienced leader to warn against quiet inactivity, which, under those latitudes, means death. Those poor sailors and fishers perished victims of their ignorance, and probably of their carelessness. Captain Mack reports that it appeared they had not known how to make proper use of the comfortable house in which they were quartered; instead of dividing among themselves the rooms of their spacious dwelling they all crowded together into one, which, moreover, bore traces of utter neglect and uncleanliness. The large stores of preserved potatoes and other vegetables were left nearly untouched, the men probably not knowing how to manage this kind of food.

The story of their struggle is soon told. On the sixteenth of September, last year, six Norwegian ships, with their crews of together fifty-seven men, were frozen in on the North Eastern Coast of the Spitzbergs, at Gray Hook and Welcome Point, eighteen and twenty-four English miles respectively from the Winter quarters of the Swedish Polar Expedition at Mosel Bay. Their provisions being calculated to last up to the first of December, they applied to the Professor Nordenskiold for assistance, and were allowed by him to dispose of the house and stores accumulated at Isfjord. Consequently seventeen men, with two small open boats, left Gray Hook on the seventh of October, crossing the ice Westward, until they found open water, and finally reached Isfjord in their boats on the fourteenth of October. The remaining forty-one men prepared themselves to pass the Winter either in their own ships at Gray Hook, or with the Swedish Expedition at Mosel Bay, when happily, in the first days of November a heavy storm broke the ice and made their escape possible. Thirty nine men were thus enabled to reach the Norwegian port of Tromsoe: only two, the old Captain, Mattilas, and his cook, would not abandon their ship, which was not insured, and have now been found dead in a boat, probably on their way to Mosel Bay. The ship was totally crushed by ice.

The entries of the journel found at Isfjord begin with the seventh of October, 1872, and are regularly continued every day until the third of March this year. No kind of occupation, nor any undertaking on the part of the men is reported except a few hunting parties, by whom two bears, two foxes, and a few reindeers were brought home. Darkness, however, soon prevented all further hunting expeditions, and on the seventh of November the journal reports: 'Hunting totally abandoned, by cause of darkness.' Thermometrical observations were regularly made and annotated five times a day. The temperature, which was very hard in October, the quicksilver running down to nineteen degrees below Celsius on the twenty-first, was milder again in November, being two degrees above on the eighth, and varied between 0 degrees above to twenty-two seconds below, until the fifth of January, when it began to go down again. The lowest degree, thirty-two degrees below, is observed on the fourteenth of February at four o'clock A. M. No mention is made of any sickness or disease before the ninth of December, when it is said: 'One of the crew sick since eight days;' but from this day the same complaint repeats itself with sad monotony: 'No improvement in the state of the sick.' On the nineteenth it is said: 'Two men constantly in bed; nearly all suffer of the disease.' Though no indication is given what kind of illness is meant, there is no doubt that it was scorbut. The first death is recorded on the nineteenth of January in the following words: 'Tonnes Pendersen, who was taken ill the fifth of this month, was called to the Lord this morning at 3.30, after a painful illness; this afternoon also Hendrik Hendriksen, who was taken ill on the nineteenth of December.' The third of February only three men were in good health, and the journal repeats every day, 'No improvement.' The twentieth of February we read: 'Today we have seen the sun for the first time in the year 1873.' A new death is recorded the following day: 'Today the Lord again called to Heaven one of our comrades, Niles Larson, after an illness of eighty-two days.' Two days later the entries are made by another hand, who writes on the twenty-fifth; 'I have now only one man in good health to look after the whole house. O Lord help us in our great distress!' And on the twenty-eighth he continues: 'This evening another of our men died; the Lord called him home from this place, so rich in suffering.' From this day the journal contains nothing but annotations of deaths until the nineteenth of April, at six o'clock A. M. Then begins another hand, who writes: 'Peder Andres Nilsen, of Batsford, a red bonnet. Har. T. Mitterhuk.' What these words, which have apparently been written under the influence of delirium, are meant to express will never be known, and the horrible fate of the poor sufferer who traced them, can only be guessed. Did he struggle hours, days, or weeks among the sixteen corpses of his comrades, or did the deliverer come as he dropped his pen? Nobody knows nor will ever know."

The Cause of Marital Unhappiness.

There are vital questions affecting the welfare of society, underlying the subject of marriage, of which the world is generally ignorant, and upon which the great public educators of the day—the press and the pulpit—are unpardonably derelict in imparting wholesome instruction.

When we consider the long array of divorce cases that engage the attention of our courts, and the great multitude of undivorced whose lives are fraught with wretchedness and misery unspeakable, we are forced to the conclusion that there is something radically wrong with our marriage system, or rather that the system is subject to abuses that ought to be corrected.

We hold that there is no subject more closely connected with the welfare and happiness of the race than that sacred relation of the sexes upon which society is based; and that whatever will add to the purity of this relation will enhance the harmony and happiness of all.

We are well aware of the difficulties in the way of treating this subject properly in a newspaper editorial, and also that our mode of treating it may be considered by the general reader as somewhat of a departure from the usual routine of daily journalism; but the *Mercury* never waits for others to lead the way in the expression of opinion on any subject of public or vital interest.

Novelists generally bring their heroes and heroines up, through all sorts of tribulations, to the marriage altar, and there leave them. Then the elysium of their heroes' dreams is supposed to be realized. But in real life, in unnumbered instances, it is then that the trouble really begins. A sense of absolute ownership in his wife, coupled with that close and constant familiarity, which is apt to "breed contempt," soon changes John from the considerate, gentle and affectionate lover into an indifferent, thoughtless and often harsh and cruel husband. And Jane soon finds in the fading roses of her fresh young life—her sunken cheeks and brooding cares—that marriage has not crowned her days with the halcyon glory she anticipated.

Now why should not John be the same gentle lover after as before marriage? and why should the canker of infelicity destroy the health of Jane's body and soul? If the union is a well assorted one, and lived out in its truest and highest sense, they should both ripen into more perfect beings. They should be lovers ever, growing into that perfect union which nor time nor eternity can destroy.

The trouble is, they are wholly ignorant of the law of sexual attraction and repulsion. They do not understand that husbands and wives, by too close and constant physical relationship, may become like sponges or vampyres, unconsciously absorbing and feeding upon the vital magnetism of their mates—the one growing strong and robust, while the other wastes away, wearied, careworn and, perhaps, goes down to an untimely grave. The law of the survival of the fittest and strongest runs through all nature, and this is no exception to the rule. It is during the hours of sleep, when the body is in a negative condition, that this exhaustive process works most effectually. One rises from such a sleep, strong, refreshed, vigorous; the other languid and exhausted.

Thus it is that attraction, on the one side or the other, and frequently with both, becomes first indifference and then repulsion. The husband seeks enjoyment with his club, or at the saloon, and seldom goes home at night as long as there is any other place to go to. The wife loses interest in her domestic duties. Coldness and jealousies arise between them.

They imagine they are mismated; divorce follows, and they go forth to seek new mates, with, perhaps, a repetition of the same results;—when a proper knowledge of themselves, and the exercise of the wisdom principle, would have made their union a happy and lasting one.

It is hard for those who have reached or passed the meridian of life to change their domestic habits, and begin as it were anew. But with the young, just starting upon the marital voyage, it is just as easy to start right as wrong. The inference is plain: If they would have their wedded existence a well-spring of perpetual joy—preserve ever fresh the harmony and glory of their early attachments—become the progenitors of healthy and noble offspring,—first let them see to it that their choice has the sanction of judgment—is one of the intellect and reason as well as of sexual impulse,—and next let them resolve from the first that under no circumstances will they occupy the same couch, and better not the same apartment, during the hours devoted to sleep. Here is the secret of much marital woe—the source of untold domestic inharmony. Let them act upon this suggestion, at the same time carrying into practice the symbolic lesson of that Masonic emblem, the compasses, which teaches them to "circumscribe their desires and keep their passions within due bounds," and our word for it, nine-tenths of the marital unhappiness in the world would disappear, and marriage would become that true union of soul which the Wise Father intended it should be.—*San Jose Mercury.*

The Disadvantages of Popularity.

Brown, a young insurance friend of ours, who lives in Cambridge, had the fifth anniversary of his wedding occur about a week ago, and his friends determined to celebrate his wooden wedding by a surprise party. Brown came in yesterday and told us how they succeeded. They commenced by sending a servant round with a team to take Brown and his wife out to ride at about seven. Then they began to come with presents and materials for supper. There was a little party of five came first, all laden—hands full. They all got nicely inside the garden gate, which shuts with a spring, when Brown's big mastiff, who is always left unchained in his master's absence, came round the corner and surprised them. One woman stepped on her dress, and in her fall so demoralized a fragile black walnut book-case she carried that it was afterwards done up in a bundle and presented as kindling wood. Another fellow got safely out of the yard all but part of his pants, while old Smithers, who weighs two hundred and twenty pounds, plunged wildly with the eight-gallon pail of ice-cream he carried, through Brown's glass hot-house in the corner of the yard, and surprised some $30 worth of exotics. Finally they fixed things up and got into the house, and as it was about time for Brown's return, they commenced laying the supper table. They got down a tea set of rare china that a friend of Brown's in the trade had loaned him a week before, and broke two pieces, so that Brown has since been obliged to mortgage his house and buy the set; and the comments of Mrs. Brown when she saw the condition of the carpet were sarcastic in the extreme. Finally, as a crowning touch, they tried to hang out Chinese lanterns with the letters welcome on them, on the porch on the front door. They succeeded in hanging two lanterns, and when they had saved the house from the fiery fiend there wasn't enough porch left to pay for the trouble of trying to hang out any more. Then they sat down and waited for Brown and his wife to come home, which they did about two o'clock in the morning, the driver having lost his way, and some way or other turning up in Dedham at about midnight. We draw the veil over the scene that followed their return. Some scenes are too joyous to be described in cold, cold words.—*Boston Traveller.*